SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. No. 36 Carter's Alley, Below Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. | PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1840. | TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 976.

From the Democratic Review.

The Old Man's Counsel.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Among the bills and sudden failures, I have known
Of late and greater, who to hide their frequent hands
Tended or gathered to the thicks of stock.
More reverend listeners to the solemn counsel
Of sooner. But in vain to them was used,
Cost time and torture, or the trying shame.
That defended the brown bills, or some that beat
On the white winter hills. Each brought to ruin,
Some cruel, must indeed the fall of most,
Or gaugings of the Eternal Mind.
Who with his glory with the ill-gotten light
Of the sun.
One such I knew long since: a white-haired man,
Piety of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial landlord who gave all his time
To trade when he kept no quaint moralities,
Long he followed his old business at the inn,
With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That looks toll out, and I shall serve forget.
The use of May, new bright in all the leaves,
And shorpod the spreading flowers, the green hills
Are rejoiced and I was in my prime of life.
The happy time, when the wants are few
And all unsolved, seem but a pastime in bloom.
The cedar warbled from the hill-side pine
For boast, and warmed not. Within the woods
Where young and half-transparent leaves a rare
A chair, any cluster of anemones
Decoded the freshness of the fresh brook white with flowers
Brightened the place: the new leaved buttercup
And spotted dog violet in the bright green
Gave a luxurious fragrance. In the dale
I saw the pasture of the gentle wind
On the young grass, and heard the new-dropped lamb
At no much beauty, flocking every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, musing at my side,
Gazed on it smiling and I asked the cause
Of his mirth. "I am smiling," he replied,
"To think that God has given us for our portion
Of seasons life and taste the succeeding flowers.
If mothers soon, and with them all we love
Those eyes, whose failing light shall soon be quenched
In new darkness. Blessed then that we!

I listened, and from that night of woods
Heard the low signal of the grisse, their years
A calm and pleasant thought, and from my heart
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pronounced by the Dutchmen. He knew
Chained his harvest when he revoked wings, and made
A wind like distant thunder: then the whistles
At last, then fled and flutter, tell at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.
I knew that I should not see him more; a strong type
Of human life. The an old truth, I know
Have ranged this theme, but Nature's fairest forms
Have ever the days in childhood, every day
It could take a territory: capable they glide
In manhood, and the common sights of every day
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
And do the secret fountain of its source, say to
Earth after earth; but the devoted self
Burns to be satisfied, and feels not what
Itself not upon the mind, or only dimly
Is then confessed. Thanks! that I enjoyed
The cheerful hours and the quiet grief in time!

Thanks, my son, while yet the days are long
And the full flower of summer is in bloom,
Father and to weave up the good they yield—
All that they could be, and all that they were—
And blest affections reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren, so when their souls come
Into their harvest years, it shall not be
Before these fruits to ripe, thou may'st not bring
A ripened sheaf to the Master of the world.
The second, the remember then again
Is at my hand, to come: so on my way.

From the Ladies' Companion.

FORTUNE-HUNTING;
OR, THE HEIRESS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

—Her love is not the hare that I do hunt. —As you like it.

"Is it possible I find you for once idle?" said Charles Errington as he entered the office of his friend Lindsay.

"You may always find me unemployed at this hour, Charles; you know it is my habit to rest; and I was just about to turn the key upon my musty deeds and documents. There are few things which excite me to such forgetfulness as the perusal of a Saturday afternoon paper, up to the harbinger of repose and enjoyment."

"You are a strange fellow, Lindsay," said Errington, "you with kindly nature shuts all the week and, when compelled to desert from positive fatigue, you deem this mere cessation from labor a enjoyment. I wish I had some portion of your merry temper."

"Perhaps the sources of contentment are not open to you, Charles, in the same way; the unremitting exertions are necessary to provide for the support of my mother and sister; and when, after severe toil, I sit down with them amid the comforts and even luxuries of life, I am sensible of the cheerful fire, the plentiful table, the neatly appointed household, all of which have been purchased by my labor, I believe my enjoyment far exceeds that of the millionaire in the midst of all his wealth. If your father had left you no fortune, Errington, I should not have incurred the fear that the true secret of content is unknown to you."

"Talk, then I shall soon have a chance of being as wise on the subject as yourself, Lindsay, but I am afraid it is too late to begin the necessary discipline. Do you know that I am a rumored man?"

"Impossible!"

"Nay, it is too true: you certainly must have heard of the failure of the great mercantile house of which my father was, at the time of his death, one of the principal partners."

"Yes, but your whole fortune was surely not involved in that!"

"My father had unlimited confidence in the partners and conducted his own business, and that has been my ruin. He died before any developments had been made of their imprudent if not dishonorable conduct, and as he left all his estate in their power, they had undoubtedly somewhere at my expense. An annuity of one thousand dollars is all I can now command."

"And you, Errington, but really I cannot consider you poor. With a thousand dollars a year and a profession, a man may be above the reach of want, unless, indeed, I mistake not, knowledge sufficient to give you a high rank among scientific physicians."

"Ay, Lindsay! there is the point of my profession disgusts me. This penetrating into the dens of disease, shrinking, among the young and gay, the affected and the fashionable, from the squalid and the friendless, the modest and presuming, the unafflicted and the arrogant, both found ample scope for the indulgence of their individual tastes. For a few days were sufficient to satiate Lindsay with such a life of excitement, and he was already beginning to think of home, when a new arrival introduced him to probing the sore, and opened up scenes of distress, and what is his reward? why—if the patient dies, the physician is blamed; if he gets well, his first business probably is to dispute his doctor's bill. No—no! I cannot live by the practice of my profession."

"Well if you are resolved to abandon your medical studies, your income will amply suffice for your support while you pursue some other path. Suppose you try the bar."

"What! become a driver and digger into the rubbish of centuries! Waste my youth threading that interminable maze of words in which equity is hidden from vulgar eyes!—and when all is learned—what have I more than my web of rules, then quietly ensconce myself in the midst of it and wait for victims, as a spider watches for flies. No; that won't answer."

"What if you should adopt a better calling? your fine figure would appear to a great advantage in the pulpit, and you are quite handsome enough to be a favorite preacher among the ladies."

"Fortune-hunter!—to declare to a multitude opinions the pomps and vanities of this wicked world while my whole heart was panting after their enjoyment. Whatever I may become in later days I am not yet wicked enough to play Tartuffe."

"Nay, in my last suggestion I did but jest, Errington, for I believe there are few heavier sins than that of making the sacredness of the truth the mere vehicle of worldly advantage. But what do you mean to do? Remain a bachelor and live upon your annuity?"

"That is one of the impossibilities—my income would scarcely pay my father's bill. There is but one resource for me,—I must marry a heiress."

"And thou will yourself for gold—h, Errington! no—no!"

"No, I would put in one scale my fair person, my talent, my fashionable reputation, and in the other the lady's fortune; so that one should counterbalance the others. It would be only a fair exchange."

"And what do you mean to say to your little friend, Mary Hazen?"

"For Heaven's sake, Lindsay, don't speak of that girl—I dare not allow myself to think of her. I love her to distraction, but I can no longer hope to make her my wife."

"Why not? With her domestic habits, her refined tastes, and the economical ideas of which you have given me such proofs, she would be admirably imported, she would make an estimable wife for a poor man."

"Yes, for a man like you, Lindsay, but not for one whose extravagant habits are too deeply rooted to be destroyed by a change of circumstances. I hesitated one moment over Mary, when I thought myself rich, because she had no fortune, and I certainly cannot afford it now. I have not seen her since I learned my poverty."

"My dear fellow," said Lindsay warmly, "I have known the want of money so often that I am fully sensible of its value; but the skill of a Christian friend to tempt me to barter my affections. There is but one way to test your feelings toward an heiress; ask yourself whether, if she were not rich, you would still seek to win and wed her. If your heart replies in the affirmative you may, with a safe conscience, make her your wife; but if it does not then let not the offer, and so win her. If your heart replies in the affirmative you may, with a safe conscience, make her your wife; but if it does not then let not the offer, and so win her. If your heart replies in the affirmative you may, with a safe conscience, make her your wife; but if it does not then let not the offer, and so win her."

"But you cannot suppose, Lindsay, that all are equally base."

"In you I can read the story of Hazael, who, when the prophet predicted the murder and rapine which he would afterward commit, exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' And yet the prediction was speedily fulfilled by him to the very letter. He who can enter upon so sacred an engagement as that of marriage, with a determination to break it, is guilty in all the sight of Heaven, and he who can sin against his better nature in thus deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him; cannot say what will be his future conduct. No man can stop the tide of evil within his heart, and he who will commit one unprincipled act, may be easily led to continue his career of crime."

"You argue well, Lindsay, and yet I cannot afford to be contrasted by your reasoning. I must marry—I have a thousand expensive tastes and habits which must be gratified, and I shall seriously undertake the task of courting an heiress. But I had nearly forgotten the object of my present visit. I intend setting out for the Springs next week, can't you spare a few days from your business, and be a trip with me to the summer resort of Fashion?"

"I have been thinking of indulging myself in a brief voyage, Errington; I feel the need of relaxation, and was debating whether to travel North or South, but the inducement of your society, Charles, is sufficient to decide the question."

"Thank you: I am glad to find you so accessible in this matter. We shall exchange characters for a little while; you will be the idle man and I the busy one,—you will appear as a mere spectator, and I as an actor on the stage of fashion, for I mean to commence the practice of my new profession among the belles of Saratoga."

So saying, Errington flung away the end of his cigar and soon entered out of the office.

"There goes one," said Lindsay to himself, "whom the world has spoiled; his generosity has degenerated into prodigality, his kindness of heart into heartlessness, his soul has drunk around him a crowd of unworthy associates, and the talents which might have won for him the admiration and regard of the educated and refined, are only made the ministers of the idle frivolities of a life of fashion."

The appearance of their plea, a few days after their conversation, the young man repaired to Saratoga, where, among the young and gay, the intellectual and the fashionable, the humble and the fastidious, the modest and presuming, the unafflicted and the arrogant, both found ample scope for the indulgence of their individual tastes. For a few days were sufficient to satiate Lindsay with such a life of excitement, and he was already beginning to think of home, when a new arrival introduced him to probing the sore, and opened up scenes of distress, and what is his reward? why—if the patient dies, the physician is blamed; if he gets well, his first business probably is to dispute his doctor's bill. No—no! I cannot live by the practice of my profession."

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In the mean time, Mr. Ardley looked on with as much indifference as if he had been a mere spectator of the pieces which was daily played before him. Uniformly kind and attentive to both his daughters, he seemed to have little affection for either, and seemed to care no more for the swarm of adventurers, who surrounded the heiress of his fortune, than for the comparatively neglected which his step-daughter experienced. Mr. Ardley was one of those persons who met with an society, the consummate selfishness of whose nature is so overlaid with agreeable social qualities that the discovery of hopeless affection, but would have made known to you my feelings. Yet, nevertheless, your father's kindness has secured you from all the inconveniences of a narrow income, and as the wife of a poor man, there will be necessity for economy and restraint, of which you little dream."

"I shall not shrink from my duties, Lindsay; can you not trust me even as I trust you?" and as she spoke she held her hand on his.

"I trust you—yes—with my whole heart," exclaimed Lindsay, passionately, as he pressed that little hand to his lips.

Just at this moment, Mr. Ardley entered the room, with a most whimsical expression of face, and holding an open letter. At the sight of Lindsay he paused, and read aloud the following words:

MY DEAR FATHER—

Circumstances which you doubtless understand, have induced me to take a step, which you will, I trust, extenuate, rather than condemn. I am not ashamed of my wedding in society; I have only followed your injunctions in the choice of a husband, and, as I have no fortune to offer, we shall be at the free mercy of our friends, who will be happy to receive the congratulations of our friends.

Your affectionate daughter,
JANE ERRINGTON.

Lindsay and Miss Mountfort listened in mute amazement to this singular epistle, and awaited the explosion of parental wrath, which they expected would follow. But, Mr. Ardley was one of his rare fits to get in a passion about trifles.

"Pray, sir," said he to Lindsay, "were you privy to this plan?"

"I give you my word, Mr. Ardley, that it was never hinted to me."

"What is the fortune of your friend, Errington?" asked the anxious father.

Lindsay hesitated, until the question was repeated, when he replied, "I believe his income is about a thousand dollars a year."

"A thousand dollars! not more than a thousand dollars! why I thought he was almost a millionaire," exclaimed Mr. Ardley.

"He was once very wealthy, but the failure of the house of Errington & Co. in New Orleans, has ruined him; an annuity, which he draws from his brother, is all he now possesses."

"Then Jane has made a pretty business out of her new-fangled elopement. She would not ask my consent for fear I would tell the whole truth, and I suppose, Mr. Errington was equally afraid of inconvenient developments. Well,—I think it will be allowed, on electrond ? Upon my word it is a capital joke," and the father, throwing himself on the sofa, indulged in a hearty fit of laughter.

Lindsay looked at him with astonishment, and could only attribute his conduct to the influence of his favorite claret, but the next smile which played on the lip of Anna Mountfort, convinced him that the obstreperous mirth of her father. He waited in vain, however, for an explanation of the cause of his merriment, and something in her father's ear, which served to restore him to his usual caution, and Lindsay was at a loss to understand why Errington made a daughter's elopement so good a joke.

A few weeks after the events just recorded, a small select bridal party were assembled in St. Paul's Church. The chief actors in the scene were our friends, Lindsay and Miss Mountfort, while the most distinguished persons in their train were Mr. and Mrs. Errington, whose elopement had so recently formed the " nine day wonder" of the fashionable world. Mr. Ardley, who had given away the bride, seemed in high spirits, and full of ill-repressed mirth as he whispered in the ear of each coachman on leaving the church—

"The bridegroom was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice that the carriage were proceeding in a direction different from that which they had pursued on their way to the church. But in a few minutes the they turned into the most splendid street in the upper part of the city,—the steps were let down, and mistaking Mr. Ardley's hint, Lindsay entered a stately house, furnished in the most superb manner. Lindsay stared in silent wonder, and had just begun to the conclusion that his father-in-law was about to make the bride a very magnificent present—but one, which little suited the fortune of the bridegroom, when Mr. Ardley led him aside, and beckoning to Errington to follow them, thus addressed them :

"Business before pleasure, gentlemen; let us settle our affair first, and we can eat our sumptuous repast with a better relish. My wife was very wealthy, and fearing the effect, which so great a fortune might have upon her daughter's character, she made a will, by which she bequeathed to me the use of all the income, provided, I kept the child in ignorance of her property until her twentieth year. This condition was easily fulfilled, and just twelve months ago, she learned that she was an heiress. But her romantic temper led her to wish the secret still kept, in order to test the sincerity of her suitors, and as I was then enabled to retain the income another year, she may be sure I made no objection.

But she is of age to-day, and I must hereafter, be content with a bare two thousand a year, which is mine by the bequest of her mother."

"Of whom do you speak?" exclaimed Errington, as Lindsay was about to act the same question. "Jane is surely more than twenty-one."

"Indeed she is, my good sir; your wife will never see thirty-one again, Mr. Errington, but I am speaking of Anna Mountfort, my step-daughter, the heiress of the large fortune, which flows so kindly homeward on me. Mr. Lindsay, Anna positively forbids me to tell you the whole truth at an earlier period, but I may now congratulate you upon obtaining with the hand of your lovely bride, an estate worth fifteen thousand a year."

"And Jane?" gasped Errington.

"Is entitled to an annuity of five hundred, during her life, which will be doubled at my death. Had you asked me for the hand of my daughter, I should have felt myself bound, by the honor of a gentleman, to tell you the truth regarding her prospects, but you chose to marry without inquiring whether she was rich or poor, and now reap the benefits of your own folly. Mr. Lindsay, my lawyers requires you step with me, when all shall be promptly attended, and all the necessary documents shall be put into your hands to-morrow, but you will be so good as to excuse me at present,—dinner will be ready to be served, as soon as I shall have cooled the delicious champagne beside which are now awaiting my attention."

CURATORS.—Why is her a young the most popular composer of the day? Because her overture to Prince Albert is to us all over Europe.

The Widow Bing.

BY MARIAN F. GOULD.

O! what will become of thee, poor little lark!
The watering storm in the distance is heard;
The cough winds are waking, the clouds growing black!
They'll soon scatter more dollar all over thy bed!
Fear what nobody else fears! Dost wandered away?
And what art thou doing this cold winter day?
"I'm picking the grain from the old ploughed land,
The storm does not trouble me—See, see, dear."

But what makes there seem so unconscious of fear?
The brown earth at home, the flowers are hard!
And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
Like Liberty's fairy with the spirit of fire,
When no place is near for thine evening rest,
No tent for thy pasture, no cage house to rest?
"I become the same bond is a shelter for me
That took of the summer leaves—See, see, dear."

But sure thou hast a number of mouths of your?
While piercing the corner and heating the wheat;
We take from the mouse, the earth, and the air,
And all their rich gifts do not satisfy me;
In manner we want; in winter we're chilled,
With over a roof that or put us to shed.
"A very small portion collection will be
If scratched with gratitude—See, see, dear."

I thank thee, bright warbler—what thee hast taught
Will oft be the theme of thought hereafter;
We look at the clouds, when the bird has an eye,
We bless who reigns over them, changeless and high!
And now, little bird, just tell me thy name.
Then I may be sure whenever we more meet
Because in all weather I'm happy and free,
That thy name is "Content-Kine—See, see, dear."

But soon there'll be no weighing down the light laugh
Whenever thou art flitting so merrily now!
Though bright is the summer with wood and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then with those wings, and that little face hot,
To save them from pain 'mid the frost and the sleet?
"I can draw them tight up in my feathers, you see:
'Tis warm there, too, fly away—See, see, dear."

THE LOVE-RING.

The night which followed the battle of Praga was by no means a quiet one at Warsaw. Groups of furious Russians paraded the streets, and pointed were simultaneously assembled opposite to the palace of the ex-imperial police. A thousand confused voices, including every sound from the shout of triumph to the deepest curse, and the high treble screams of women and children, demanded in chorus of frightful discord the death of the individual.

In the midst of the principal group, the sitting of a broken lamp dangled loose from the iron post—and children in rags, with wild and ghastly countenances, were laughing, swinging, and playing with it, and every and anon converting the end of it into a sort of rope. The moon shed its cold white lustre upon the livid features of a poor spy, bound, and unclothed, and half smothered by the pressure of the crowd thirsting for his blood. Above the confused noise, a dark light was spread upon him. Overcome and motionless, he was in that state which is neither life nor death. He heard the cries of the people, but he could not distinguish their meaning—the string was ready, and the knot slipped—the hideous hands of an extemporary executioner were upon him.

"Die! die! then vile traitor! Prags is burnt, the lancers are being the sod, and Poland is bleeding! Strangle him, strangle him!" and the grim lancer and servant, would inflict chains and pestilence upon us! Not a single cry of mercy is raised in thy behalf; not a regret nor a complaint stirred in thy favor! Now, then, strangle him!" Therefore then must die, and on this very spot, in front of the palace of the Russian police! for Stanislas was buried—Stanislas! a prophet that shot through his brain. He regretted he had not examined the fingers of the dead. The young girl was gone; he could not find her.

"Awake," he cried, "awake and answer me. What have you done with it?"

His alarm, she opened her eyes, but without comprehending what was passing.

"It is I! Stanislas!"

He supported her head. His wound had again opened, and the blood flowed copiously. The poor girl could neither speak nor move; she seemed under the spell of the vampire.

"Michael Lisiel is with Stanislas," he heard Stanislas; "that Michael whom you loved; Michael, the Spy. I have seen him; and I asked for his pardon. You may not see him from your window. They have strangled him; so much the better."

He laughed, but it was the laugh of a madman.

"Wear no mourning, for your lover died for life country!" and he added, in a melancholy strain, "I have sacrificed all to my country, and whilst I was fighting her battles, I was basely betrayed. Woman! woman! thy heart is inexplicable. Come, I will not suffer you to shed your eyes not feint—you must and shall hear me."

And he shook her; but the poor girl had fainted. This apparition in the middle of the night, interrupted her quiet sleep, uttering curses, all besmeared with blood—the horrible fantastic reality, had overcome her. When she recovered her senses, Stanislas was gone.

"I have dreamt it," she said, "and oh! what a horrible dream! I think he began mildly."

Stanislas Potocki, who had come to the hospital, was raving in delirium. He cursed both his country and the object of his affections.

Bishopp read it to himself over, and for a passion like his there was only one remedy—death! She was still before his eyes, bold and unmoved—but beautiful.

The president of chariby who attended the ward approached Stanislas, and held out to him a small box sealed. His pale cheeks became suddenly flushed, and he eagerly snatched the letter from the hands of the good sister. He recognized it as belonging to Maria. On opening it he found girl's ring—a soft lock of beautiful hair—and the very ring which he had given to his betrothed; accompanied by a writing stamped with the arms whose caricature had been executed.

"The National government to Ensign Stanislas. For a month's pay due, the regiment requires this ring, presented to the public treasury by the citizen Maria ——, Minister of Finance."

The government had not yet had time to send to the mint the patriotic gifts of the ladies of Warsaw.

Stanislas recovered in a moment; he rose from the bed, and was in a short time in Maria's presence—but trembling, agitated, and ashamed to look her in the face. Gently taking her left hand, he said,

"What have you done with my ring? Do you recognise me? I am Stanislas!"

No! the spy was dead—and the people who so lately had blasphemed at seeing him alive, now guarded her him. Fear and sadness were expressed on the features of all. The wounded man's chest opened rapidly spotted the square.

Meanwhile the young wounded soldier had fallen into strange reflections. The moonlight had enabled him to recognise the features of the dead man; they were those of Michel Lisiski, a former comrade in Constantine's guard, and his rival on the affections of the youthful Maria, whom both were the imperial livery. The revolution had taken place; the one had remained in the service of the Russians, and the other had deserted to serve his country.

Now that the wounded had recognised the victim of both the popular wrath and the popular humanity, he felt less grieved at the occurrence. He had now no rival to fear; and after all, Lisiski was a base traitor.

Like a brave morning among the tombs, the wagon slowly proceeded between two rows of houses, whose doors were carefully closed. A single light shone in one of those dark dwellings still showed a light. Who could be watching at such an hour—a thief, or a poet? Neither. It was a young girl of ravishing beauty. One of her shoulders was supported on a table, over which her elastic and youthful figure was gracefully bending. She was thinking, no doubt, of her lover. But she had been reading; a smoking lamp threw its light upon a number of the State Gazette: in Poland the women do not confine their thoughts to their hearts.

Public rumor had in vague terms made her acquainted with the battle of Praga: and her lover was at Praga; he was to her as an object of interest the after of her country. No doubt he had acted in a manner worthy of her; no doubt he had fought bravely; and was perhaps wounded—perhaps killed! This idea flashed through her heart, like lightning through a cloud, and left a pang of dreadful apprehension. She dared not for some time open the paper and read the fatal news, but she should find the name of Stanislas among the slain.

At length she took courage. From the report she found that the Russians had gained a glorious charge, and that he was sent back to Warsaw to be cured. She should see him, then! Her happiness was complete. But how should he then appear in her eyes! She should press him in her arms to-morrow, and walk with him through the whole city. She read no more. Her mind was wandering in search of her wounded lover, and her meditations were full of delight. The purest patriotism was linked with her love for Stanislas—and, the time when she should unite her fate to his, she trusted he beloved Poland would have effected an divorce from Nicholas. By degrees her long eyelashes closed, and the pure face fell from her grasp. She was asleep, and the lamp burnt on, when a Polish soldier entered the house. He was young and handsome, and, moreover, wounded. It was Stanislas. He contemplated his sleeping mistress. Her sleep was that of innocence; her breathing was calm and free, and from her head, a little below the back, a thick ringlet of auburn hair hung over each cheek. Stanislas, in profound admiration, remained motionless, and as a statue. A delicately white hand was spread upon the knees of the maiden; it was the hand which had held the gazette—the left hand, upon which the wedding ring of gold was shown.

A sharp and sudden pang contracted the brow of Stanislas. Upon this naked hand he saw not the ring which he had given to Maria. It was gone! a pledge of his affection. He examined the other hand, but it was not there either. She had, then, given away, to another, a ring of gold or silver, either in her hair, on her neck, or in her ears. What could this mean? And the ring of fidelity, where was it? what had she done with it? Stanislas was bewildered—a painful thought shot through his brain. He regretted he had not examined the fingers of the dead. The young girl was gone; he could not find her.

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The president of chariby who attended the ward approached Stanislas, and held out to him a small box sealed. His pale cheeks became suddenly flushed, and he eagerly snatched the letter from the hands of the good sister. He recognised it as belonging to Maria. On opening it he found girl's ring—a soft lock of beautiful hair—and the very ring which he had given to his betrothed; accompanied by a writing stamped with the arms whose caricature had been executed.

"The National government to Ensign Stanislas. For a month's pay due, the regiment requires this ring, presented to the public treasury by the citizen Maria ——, Minister of Finance."

The government had not yet had time to send to the mint the patriotic gifts of the ladies of Warsaw.

Stanislas recovered in a moment; he rose from the bed, and was in a short time in Maria's presence—but trembling, agitated, and ashamed to look her in the face. Gently taking her left hand, he said,

"What have you done with my ring? Do you recognise me? I am Stanislas!"

No! the spy was dead—and the people who so lately had blasphemed at seeing him alive, now guarded her him. Fear and sadness were expressed on the features of all. The wounded man's chest opened rapidly spotted the square.

Meanwhile the young wounded soldier had fallen into strange reflections. The moonlight had enabled him to recognise the features of the dead man; they were those of Michel Lisiski, a former comrade in Constantine's guard, and his rival on

"I was not then asleep; I have it," she added, after a moment's silence; "you were talking out for my ring."

"I cannot help it," he said.

"Oh no! I did not hear it."

"You were asleep then. So much the better. As for the ring, I have it here, and I then restore it to you."

After he put the ring on her finger, and a few days after, the lovers were kneeling together before the great altar of the cathedral receiving the nuptial benediction.

PARISH SKETCHES.

THE HORSE BEWARE.—Those animals, although innocent, are seldom seen by the traveller, in the most favorable position of enjoying in a state of but little luxury. Old hostesses who were rich in whom we happened to cross one, declared that it was the first they had ever seen, and their delight was so great as to be almost inexpressible. Among us, when the huge beast suddenly fell its circle and dashed headlong toward us.

It was soon after commencing our afternoon travel, one warm day in August, that we discovered one of these singular creatures, directly in our path. When it first appeared upon the road it purported to determine what it could be, seeming in the distance no larger than a wolf or an ordinary pig, but being so deeply black in color, and moist in some other animal. As we approached, however, we were distinguished the enormous bump and peculiar motion of the buffalo. Most we have not how to account for the creature's running so continually in a circle, and we supposed it must be battling with wolves that were seeking to slay and devour him. His eyes were fiery, and when about two miles in advance of the carriage we were sufficiently near the buffalo to perceive that he was the other animal. He was large, in sight. We now slackened our pace and advanced slowly, wondering at the extraordinary fancy which seemed to have entered the huge body of this wild monster of the wilderness.

We approached to within three or four hundred yards of the brute, and our surprise still increased at finding that it did not run from us, but all the time of our presence kept on running and widening its circle. The curious sight caused much merriment among us, and we proposed that upon the poor beast, we continued to advance, wondering how near his eminence would settle before he would run away. But this he did not do. Our pale continued until within less than a hundred yards of the solitary old bull, and then our merriment was suddenly changed to some consternation, for the animal, which came in his usual circular race, gave the peculiar blow with its nostrils, and then, instead of taking to flight, as we anticipated, it broke from the circle and came running with full speed toward us, with its wild, fiendish looking head lowered, ready to gore with its short, thick horns, any object in its path. Our little party, riding as compactly together, was instantly scattered far and wide, and the enraged beast, when it found no longer small objects to contend with, turned its circle no better.

The old travellers who were with us, now remembered the stories they had heard of the black buffalo, and that he was very prideful that the creature before us was in this condition, by which its singular conduct was accounted for. The animal was old, its nose was not pure, and did not smell to skin, and we were tired of the game of killing the poor beasts for mere sport; yet the weapon contained but one ball, (BIG-HORN) and a single rush among the mules, great mischief might come: for that it became imperative upon us to kill the old blind bull in self-defence. This, however, we found to be a more difficult task than any we had yet undertaken in the way of hunting, for, though we could without danger, get sufficiently near the animal to strike it with our lance, yet its movements were so uncertain that a dozen shots were lodged in other parts of its body before we planted one in a vital part. We were all excited about the buffalo, and that at which the ARMY of the Indian, and the rifle of the American are always aimed. The thick hided animal now stood in the bull's mouth, and we gathered near to see the poor brute die.

Weak, and choking with blood, it would pause an instant, start again and run a few steps, stagger, strike at the air with its horns, drop upon its fore knees, and then again rise and dash furiously at the hunter's party several seconds. Finally, he bent died harder than any that we had killed during the whole journey. It lived full half an hour after the blood spouted from its mouth, and would have lived longer, but that we determined to end its sufferings with another shot. A rifle was levelled at the spot directly beneath the animal's blade, about four inches from the bone, and almost instantaneously with the report, the poor bull gave a short blow from its mouth and fell, baring its horns into the ground and tearing up the earth in great fury. We commenced to examine more nearly the ugliness orbs of the beast. The head of no other creature had the writer ever seen so, to resemble so nearly the idea that we are apt to conceive of the devil. Short, thick, curling horns, almost hidden in masses of black wool; eyes that glare like balls of polished stone, whose very want of expression excites fearful imaginings; and, added to this, the dreadful tongue which is in habitation, where it seems neither to bore or have sympathy with any other creatures of God's creation. The eyes of this bull were not black, but white, and sightless, and large tongues which seemed to be like tongue ought poor beast lay upon its side, stretching out its tongue in death, and reddening its last gulp to the green prairie that it was leaving forever.

Two tenuous are assigned for the bull buffalo's loss of sight: the one is that his eyes were torn out by the dogs; the other, that he was attacked in the night, when they sleep silent, by bears which the bulls often do, and (some sense,) by the hungry wolves, and while defending themselves with their horns, their eyes are torn out by their enemy completely. Be this blind, it is only by accident that they can find their companions again; and their habit of running and gradually widening a circle, is probably an instance of sagacity how much ground it can pass over in safety, as were it to press forward any one direction, it might plunge into a river or a swamp, the danger of finding a dangerous extend of them it, (as opposite to its conduct when possessed of sight,) probably arises from the influence of despair; not knowing which way to escape, it seeks at once to destroy its enemy.

THE INDIAN FIGHT.—On the American side of the Arkansas, in a swampy bottom overlaying by high limestone bluffs, a party of Indians had a fight last week, some still exist, others prostrate, some broken and leaning against others, some splintered from top to root, and all with the tarnish, blasted and dead. The tempest had evidently assisted tone in hurrying on the work of desolation. The pine did not stand like shadows suddenly exposed to the air, looking as if the very substance of our sight would shake the crumbling branches down upon one knob. A sunglass saw crept over us while passing the dreadful place, and we felt that secret feelings took possession of our bosoms when, in the very centre of the old grove, we discovered an Indian fort; a small square pen, about ten square feet, enclosed on three sides by rude walls, composed of trunks and fallen limbs of old cotton trees—the fourth side was left open, but the place was roofed securely with shrubs and branches, some of which were still green, contrasting sadly with the many withered logs over which they were piled and interwoven.

Here we were told slept the bones of four white men killed by a war party of fifteen Pawnee Indians. The four brave Americans were journeying to the States on foot from Fort Wilson on the Arkansas, a distance of about four hundred miles, and the whole route lying over dreary and desolate prairies. They had with them a single horse to carry their logs of bivouac, their meat when they slaughtered a buffalo, and when the distance from creek to creek demanded it, also to transport wood sufficient to cook their lonely, melancholy meal. They had grown homesick living in the wilderness for years, and

Saturday Evening Post.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1840.

☞ The Post, under the control of the present proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the family journal. It shall be devoted to literature, to the arts, and to the diffusion of useful knowledge. In politics it shall be independent. It shall never cut down the tone to the party standard for the sake of existing power. Its columns shall be open to the free discussion of all subjects connected with the welfare of the country. Opinions on Tyranny, on things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—no enemies of science, no benumbing in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact.

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$7 FIVE DOLLARS in advance, entitled to this above, (free of postage,) will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years: or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and Post of the Post for one year.

$7 SEVEN DOLLARS, in advance, will pay for two copies of the Post, and two of the Casket for one year.

$7 TEN DOLLARS, in advance, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

$7 THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of entirely original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored fashions. It is published in a beautiful and showy form, and is different from that of the Post, and consequently an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable present for a lady.

$7 Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best that is published, they can find, and remit it by mail, POSTAGE FREE, to the office. We promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address. If

NOTICE.

The subscriber having disposed of his entire interest in the Saturday Evening Post, withdraws from the notable assent from this date, in order to devote himself solely to the publishing and conducting of the Casket and Gazette of Fashion, and then their inclination has fitted him. His regret at leaving the Post, is much softened by the reflection that he leaves it in talented and industrious hands, and in a state of prosperity unexcelled as it was unexpected.

JOHN S. DUSOLLE.

March 21st, 1840.

The subscribers having become by Purchase the proprietors of the entire establishment of the Saturday Evening Post, intend, without desisting from the course of the paper, and the recent projectors, to make it in every respect, worthy of patronage. The business will hereafter be conducted under the firm of E. G. Graham & Co.

GEO. R. GRAHAM,
CHAS. J. PETERSON.

April 4th, 1840. 2t.

SHALL WE HAVE WAR?

The late correspondence between Messrs. Forsyth and Fox, and the warmth of feeling displayed in the communications of the two diplomatists have awakened the country from its apathy respecting the long agitated Boundary Question, and convinced all that if War is not inevitable, it is at least highly probable. With their usual promptness, however, a portion of the press has stripped the conspiracy, and—to credit their tenacity—every hope of peace has already fled. But the calm review of the facts in the case, will convince every unprejudiced mind to the contrary; and that we may be borne out by the testimony, we shall cast a rapid glance over the present aspect of this question.

The treaty of 1783, left the boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces settled. Although various attempts have been made, at different periods, by both the British government and our own, to have the line run satisfactorily to both parties, it still remains to be with continued disappointment. The two nations at length seemed to waive the matter by mutual consent. Nothing was done, or attempted in spring, and the long grass which gracefully waves over its plains in summer, render the prairie one of the most pleasing objects in nature.

In winter, however, its luxuriant acre of the rougher kind, and arises chiefly from the feeling of exhilaration incident to its free and boundless expanse. In the latter part of the year, the inhabitants of its surface are generally blackened from the effects of fire; and in a wintry day, when the distant mountains are covered with uninterrupted extent, the prospect is dreary enough.

The grand prairie which extended from Lake Michigan and the Red River of Arkansas, is ninety-six miles in length and varies much in width. The road is excellent the whole distance, carving to the level nature of the ground. It is, however, rarely a road, generally passed by horses, and not always easily distinguished by an unpractised eye when the grass is at its fullest height. The soil is not generally considered of very fertile cultivation—consequently, there are only three or four houses on the road, from the commencement to the termination of the prairie.

One of the most beautiful and attractive objects that arrest the eye of the traveller in crossing this grand Prairie, is the frequent occurrence of herds of deers, which will be seen on the edges of the islets of timber, awaiting with upraised heads and timid eyes the near approach of the traveller before they will abandon their lair with the speed of the wind for the protection of the distant forest.

The solitude of this wide expanse is enlivened, too, by many of the feathered tribe, who make it their place of abode. The solitary buzzard is often seen sailing majestically around on the hunt of some guarded sak, which stands far from its brethren of the forest, attending its naked arms like skeleton hands in the air. Flocks of wild geese and turkeys give forth their discordant notes from the plains, and the lone and the wolf roam unmolested among the tangled grass.

The prairie is the favorite theatre for the expansion of mind which gives to man the true independence of his character—that noble feeling of self-dependence which is worth more than all the gifts of fortune.

Praise be to the God who made us, for the fortune to be born in the midst of nature's beauty in superior to the pressure of circumstances! The strength, the elasticity, the buoyance or spirit produced by the free air and daily exercise on the commonplace aspect of the world, will be found to be a source of never-failing enjoyment. Though the shell of calumny be pointed against the breast—though friends (as they always do) fall away from misfortune—though the world deal through fortune frown, and men look strange and distrustful—still is the gudilar form of nature ever new with its coming seasons, and ever true to us. Her plans are spread for the footsteps of ALL.—For ALL, her bounties blow, her gentle raises decorate the commonplace of the daily life—familiar with nature, and through her with nature's God, who commonplace support the pursuits which engage the world's rant. How miserably trash the vapes, the fancies, the ambition, the tricks and practices of a feverish world!

It is on the bosom of the wide prairie that the heart learns to feel its fetters of artificial life. We revive in the existence of primitive simplicity. The true dignity of man asserts itself. The soul swells to its glorious supremacy.—Picayune.

ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Wednesday, the 1st inst. a yawl, on which there was a number of persons on its return from accompanying the British Queen down the Bay at New York, was capsized, and two of the number in it drowned.

FIRE.—A new brick dwelling house, not quite finished, situate on Hill street, Lexington, Ky. was destroyed by fire about one o'clock on the 27th inst. The whole of their furniture was consumed. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue.

GATE NEWS.

MARRIAGES.—In the Court of Common Pleas the city of Boston during the present week, an action was brought by a disinherited heir, to annul or invalidate the last will and testament of one H. Kirby, deceased; in which, he stated to be 1 Kirby, deceased; in which, he stated to be 1 Kirby, deceased; in which, he stated to be 1

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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If

EP Mr. James Dunbar, of Chester county, Pa. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Post and receipt for their subscriptions.

EP S. J. Woodward is not an agent for the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post.

EP Notice.—SAMUEL ARNOLD is not an agent for the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, and no receipt of his will be acknowledged.

E.P Subscribers to this paper in Cincinnati, O. will bear in mind that C. W. James, Esq. is our only agent. I receipts from any one else are unauthorized from us and consequently worthless.

Correspondence.

K.—A word on your end—never send letters from Lancaster with the wafer still wet, especially on the 1st of April. To judge by our mail on that day, and the 1st day of the month, we should say—privately you know—that there are a young man or two who are rather fond of jealousy. Take our advice—carry at London a while—then you can attend to both.

W. K. B.* The Mathematical questions of our correspondent have been received. The latter has been mislaid. According to our rule of publishing only such as are received with the Scientific.

Publishing and J. T. D.—answered by answering the enquiry in one of our late directory from the correspondent's name. D. H.* must have an early insertion. He is generally welcome to our columns—and to our table—when he comes to see us. "Spring" was observed. It would be better. There is no mark right in our name.

Alexander.—will have to try again.

Jane.—Certainly. Send it soon, sweet verses, and get Bob paper, are enough to soften any critic's heart: the heart of the "Critic" excepted of penmanship. Oh! that we knew the owner thereof.

Lancaster.—By all means. He is inspired by the right kind of a muse—not the "Muse of Fire."

H. T. T.* The manuscript of this would be humorous to one just prior to the storm. It may be used when the comic crash time—certainly it would make a most gorgeous piece of printer's composition.

London Spring Fashions.

By the late arrival, we have the following description of the latest London Fashions:

Evening Dress.—Robe of cream satin royal, and low and deeply pointed corsage, draped all round the top in very full folds, and ornamented in the centre of the bosom with a bull of dark silver vine flowers. Short sleeves, trimmed with a double row of bouillons, disposed in a novel manner, and decorated with the vine leaves to correspond. Skirt of the Parisienne cut, with three rows of lace set on with a little fullness; bouquets of white camelsheets intermingled with sprays of dead silver vine leaves, are placed on the left side of the skirt, complete the trimming. The hair is dressed in a profusion of ringlets at the sides, and a low full braid behind—the back hair is ornamented by a wreath of dead silver vine leaves; a brilliant gold headban, and ostrich feathers complete the ornaments of the coiffure.

Bonnet.—We have observed they are in decided majority in carriage dress, and those trimmed with satin or ornate are most numerous. Some of the latter have the brim lined with white; they are cut in such a manner, that the front of the bonnet forms a kind of lappel, which has a neat effect. The crown is generally very low, the hood is lined with it; but if satin is employed, then the lining is the same as that employed for the crown. Some of the most elegant and ideal satins are generally used for lining—the exterior is either satin or velvet, of dark colors—black is much in favor.

Mantles.—Lace appears, this month, to be more in favor than it has been for some time, in mantel trimmings. We have remarked some very rich velvet demi-cassaques, the corsage of which is a closer shape than the other bonnets of the season—they were trimmed around the bottom of the skirt quite with a wreath of lace, which was finely embroidered with, and partly shaded by, black lace of an exceedingly transparent ground, a deep fall of the same lace, headed by a row of velvet, lace on one side, and draped over the brim—the effect was equally novel and elegant. We have also seen several trimmed with lace disposed in the same manner as the velvet, but not quite so much trimming. This is a pretty, but not a novel style of trimming.

Silks.—A attempt is making, but we do not think it will be successful, to bring large patterns and broad stripes into favor, they are certainly rejected by many—against whom, as they run, they will be becoming to tall, fine figures, we do not think them likely to acquire any great vogue. Several patterns of modern invention, and checks, and velvets, are in a majority.

Life in Parts of the Shielding Classes.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, writing from Paris, gives this account of the social habits of that gay and dissipated capital. The latter, business part of the population live happier lives than the same classes in New York. The rents of apartments are very moderate, and a man with a capital of from $10 to $15,000. He is one of the first dry good stores in the main street of Paris, and has seven clerks, five of whom are strangers from the same town. The other two, one a wife and three young children. Madam the head clerk, keeps the cash account, draws the checks, makes the dinner, &c. They live in a third story of one of those six or eight story tall ugly, and cheapy four rooms; two large well furnished, and three dismal ones.

The rents are less than in New York, and not the rates to Philadelphia. (There are 90 cents in a dollar in this same town.) The rent is 400 francs, cash, and chamberlain. Monsieur rises early and goes to the store. He rises at 9 o'clock to a breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and wine boiled, and not drunk, under her toilet, joins him. The children are then sent to school, and the husband and wife return to the store. Here they remain until 5 or 6 o'clock; when joins him with the children at the table, and, if the weather be fair, they visit the Champs Elysees, where they meet a numerous and gay party of their neighbors, who dine together at an elegant Restaurateur for 50 cents each, and spend the evening in the open air, and not at home or more at the table. The stores are closed at 10 P. M.

This is the daily face of all the business classes, except that the gentlemen sort dine at less expensive places. The wives of the mechanics and working men, who have other employments,—for 45 cents do not dine at restaurants—meet their husbands and evening to dine at some Restaurateur—there are a remarkable dinner affair. Many dishes, a bottle of wine, and dessert, at the many cafes, or so many cents a-feat for serving means, and these will give you their washing; and the Restaurateur will give out their serving, and dine the Restaurateur.

Food is much higher than in New York. Dry food, for example, is two cents a pound, and this gold might be had in New York for $3, would sell $10 in Paris. Bread, vegetables, butter, &c. about the same as in our cities. Meat and service are generally higher than with us—Wood, notwithstanding, such is the moderation appetite here, the people live better and at less prices than in the United States.

GENERAL NEWS.

Severe Headache.—Loss of Life.—On Tuesday morning last, a destructive tornado swept over Mobile, which was, in one or two instances, fatal in its effects. The house of Mrs. Page, situated about three miles from the city, was blown down and Mrs. P. was killed. Her daughter, also, was dangerously injured. A building connected with the Nunnery, in which the Nuns were engaged in the morning devotions, was levelled from its foundation, and several of them seriously injured. Two negroes belonging to Mr. Smoot, were killed by the falling of a building in which they were. Trees were torn up by the roots and chimneys blown down. The storm passed over the western part of the city, and the more densely populated section escaped its fury, apprehensions are entertained that the vessels in the bay suffered.

A Case of Lynching.—We learn from the Burlington Hawk Eye and Patriot of the 19th, that a young man by the name of Cook, who had come from the North for the purpose of entering land, was enticed into a gambling house, where, after losing part of his money, he was taken by his companions a little way out of town—stripped—and robbed of some $200. Four men have been examined and held to bail to answer to the charge of robbery, &c. The examination of these men was followed by several trials of the keepers of gambling and disorderly houses, &c. and several individuals were heavily fined.

Pioneers of Religion.—From the Albany Argus of the following are finished:

Albany to Schenectady,	16
Utica to Schenectady,	78
Utica to Syracuse,	53
Syracuse to Auburn,	26
Rochester to Batavia,	
	173

From Auburn to Rochester, 78; Batavia to Buffalo, 34, are compressed. Thus will the whole distance from Boston to Buffalo, (500 miles,) very nearly be finished.

Snow.—May. Gen. W. Caffee, of Greenville Miss. whilst in the act of heating his wife, was shot by her brother E. R. Issler. He was arrested and committed with ——children, and threatened to take the lives of his wife and brother-in-law in case they interfered. The jury of inquest rendered a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

Colonel Crockett.—The story of Colonel Crockett being alive, and a captive in one of the Mexican dungeons is being revived. A writer of the Austin Gazette, of a late date, contains a copy of a letter written to the editor by an American in Chihuahua, giving an account of an interview which the writer had with Crockett, in the mine where he is a captive.

Postscript.—Speaking of the marriage of Mr. David R. Lyon to Miss Mary Ann Lamb, at Newark, Ohio, the papers say it is a fulfilment of the scriptural prophesy that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. The scripture says also that the lion shall eat straw like an ox, but wise men say that lions will have straw or not, is not mentioned.

Serious Charge.—A middle aged man, named James Bishop, foreman at the distillery on the corner of Broome and Green streets, New York, was held to bail in the sum of $1000, to answer a charge of rape preferred against him by a respectable married woman named Catherine Johnson at 40 Wooster street.

Havana.—Cuba.—Asphaltum, of which quantities exist, it is said, near that city, is to be used in the construction of the new Custom House. Its cost is about $1,500 per thousand tons. The Spanish navy has been established. Twenty-five vessels sailed from Havana, March 7th, all square rigged and carrying the flag of the U. S. About the same number were in port.

Whiskey on the Decline.—The use of whiskey has been abolished at many of the fisheries on the Lakes. Its place is supplied by molasses and pressed that more labor can be performed, and with less effect, without the use of stimulants of any kind to aid it with it.

Laminated Armour.—The New York Signal state that, one hundred and sixty-eight lightened Articles, registered by her Britanic Majesty's Commissioners of Patents, for the Kingdom of Great Britain, *to be incorporated into her Britanic Majesty's 2nd & West India Regiment of regiment:*

Private Jeremiah Dwyer—Private Edwin Fuller, of Southeast county, (N. Y.) has been convicted of the murder of his wife, and sentenced to be hung on the 23d of May next. Under the charge to the jury by Justice Pitcher on Saturday, and he

THE OLIO.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis.

TO MARY.

Mary! I will not flatter you,
Nor praise your beauty's dawning hue;
Nor tell you that your every look
Is like the page of Nature's book;
Nor say that you're a rose in bloom,
Whose fragrance will your charms consume;
Nor tell you that your every smile
Is like the sunbeam's golden pile;
Nor say that you're a star above,
Whose brightness will your charms prove;
Nor tell you that your every glance
Is like the lightning's vivid dance;
Nor say that you're a lily fair,
Whose beauty will your charms impair;
Nor tell you that your every sigh
Is like the zephyr passing by;
Nor say that you're a flower of spring,
Whose sweetness will your charms bring;
Nor tell you that your every tear
Is like the dew-drop sparkling clear;
Nor say that you're a gem of light,
Whose lustre will your charms delight;
Nor tell you that your every thought
Is like the fairy visions wrought
By Hope, that paints the future gay,
And gilds the present's cloudy day;
Nor say that you're a seraph bright,
Whose purity will your charms slight;
Nor tell you that your every word
Is like the music that is heard
When Love first touches Love's young heart,
Which it considers only part
Of Love's own self, and thinks that Love
Is like the gentle stars above,
Which twinkle only in the night,
To light the traveller in his flight;
Nor tell you that your every grace
Is like the angels' in their place,
Where they sit singing round the throne
Of Him who reigns in heaven alone;
Nor say that you're a thing divine,
Whose virtues will your charms refine;
Nor tell you that your every look
Is like the leaf in Nature's book,
Which every one may read and see
The characters of purity;
Nor say that you're a thing of air,
Whose modesty will your charms impair;
Nor tell you that your every kiss
Is like the honey found in bliss,
Which every one may taste and prove
The sweetness of connubial love;
Nor say that you're a thing of art,
Whose coyness will your charms thwart;
Nor tell you that your every sigh
Is like the incense floating by
From altars where the saints above
Present the offerings of love;
Nor say that you're a thing of heaven,
Whose purity to you is given;
Nor tell you that your every thought
Is like the seraph's golden lyre,
Which every one admires to hear
Sounding in Heaven's atmosphere;
Nor say that you're a thing of bliss,
Whose happiness will your charms miss;
Nor tell you that your every look
Is like the page of Nature's book,
Which every one may read and see
The characters of purity;
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